

MOMENTUM

The Voice of Mensa in New Hampshire and Maine

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NH/ME Mensa's own Christine Bartlett!

The Fine Print

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The Summer Solstice is now past and we are on the downside for remaining daylight. Bummer!! That aside, hopefully the rest of your summer is going swimmingly. The price of gas has gone down a little bit and hopefully will continue to do so. Most of us probably do not stop to calculate the impact that this has had on our everyday routines, but there has been an undeniable effect. Personally, it was not that long ago that a fill-up of over \$20 was unusual, so to regularly be paying over \$30 is uncharted territory. It is not as if there are any alternatives, so we all just do it - I would just like to know the reasons why this all came to pass. I can remember one day where every station for miles between Bedford and Merrimack was totally out of regular gas. That was the one time that someone could have sold me the supply and demand argument. I have also heard the excuse that current inventory is being diverted to the Strategic Petroleum Reserves. That again gives an explanation for why inventory is down, but is that the same as a justification for why the prices have to go up?? There is no apparent increase in cost for refining what inventory is at hand, and there is no apparent market competition, since all distributors raise their prices simultaneously. It has been nearly 30 years since I took my one required course in Economics, but can you really believe that if one station owner in each town were to undercut all his competitors by 10 cents per gallon, that there would not be lines around the block reminiscent of the shortage lines from the Carter years?? That would surely make the prices go down, since the competitors would not want to lose all of their custom.

There are laws on the books criminalizing price gouging, but evidently no one is interested in enforcing them. The one hopeful element that I saw in any media coverage on this was the \$1.85/gallon sign at a pump in the background of a shot at a gas station - I am keeping my fingers crossed that those types of rollbacks will finally reach our part of the Northeast. The cold water in the report was that prices are expected to go back up in time for Labor Day. This makes me want to rummage through my old boxes to find the copy of *Time* magazine which proclaimed that life as we knew it was over because gas had just gone up to \$0.50/gallon.

I can turn to Mensa business now that my rant has quelled itself. I would again like to issue a heartfelt plea to keep Mensa in mind when you are considering your options on how to spend your leisure. The recent participation at events has dropped off precipitously - one recent Saturday restaurant meeting had yours truly as the only attendee - not even the host put in an appearance. I would make special mention of the series of barbeques that Bill and Darlene Alleman have graciously agreed to host again this summer - this is a perfect forum for new members to find out what Mensa is all about. There seem to always be small fry and large animals underfoot at these shindigs and they are definitely family-friendly. For those new to NH/ME Mensa, August is traditionally the biggest blowout, dubbed a Micro-RG. But don't wait until then to sample one of these events - how will you know if August was the best if you did not go in July to form some basis for your

comparison? We will not necessarily make you fold newsletters, and even though we find ExComm to be scintillating, we will understand if you opt out and decide to move your lawnchair far away from the proceedings. I just want to underscore the idea that what we crave is participation - we love to see new faces around the table.

We moved the ongoing appeal for a Maine Gifted Childrens' Coordinator to the front cover of *Momentum* last month to see if that would elicit a different response, but sadly, the outcome was the same. I

am at a loss as to how to proceed from here. We also still need a Testing Coordinator for the Proctor program and we need a location in which to conduct FSM/ExComm once the leaves start to turn in September. The lack of participation in the recent survey and the 10% return of ballots in the election indicate that the vast majority are not going to contribute. So, in an organization based in large measure on being different from the crowd, we are looking for someone who will stand out again and become involved. Please contact anyone on the ExComm to make yourself known. 

What's Cooking in Region 1

Region 1 Vice Chair
Margaretta McBean

Region 1 has a Treasure Trove of Talent! The 2004 PRP (Publication Recognition Program) Contribution Award Nominations have been announced and our nominees are:

In the category of Fiction and Poetry:

- ◆ "Murder at the Chessboard" by Stanley Smith. (*Beacon*, newsletter of Boston Mensa, Lynn MacDonald editor. May 2003.)
- ◆ "The Joshua Twin" and "The Pond" by John McGondel. (*Momentum*, newsletter of New Hampshire/Maine Mensa, Claire T. Natola editor. March 2004 and November 2003, respectively.) There are five nominees in this category and two of them are John! New Hampshire air must be good for poets.

In the category of Non-Fiction (Mensa-themed):

- ◆ "My First Autumn in New York" by Jeff Jones. (*Mid-Mensan*, newsletter of Mid-Hudson Mensa, Angela Tremain editor. October 2003.) Jeff wrote about attending his first RG, Mid-Hudson Mensa's unique camp-style RG held on the beautiful grounds of the Ashokan Reservoir.

In the category of Continuing Item:

- ◆ "Five-Minute Mini Mysteries" by Stanley Smith. (*Beacon*, newsletter of Boston Mensa, Lynn MacDonald editor. April 2003, May 2003, July 2003, September 2003, January 2004.) Yes, Stan is nominated in two (!!) categories. Very mysterious...

- ◆ "Mmmm" by Victoria Monroe. (*Empire*, newsletter of Central New York Mensa, Paul Baxter editor. August 2003, September 2003, November 2003.) Victoria's column, sometimes hilarious, always interesting, reveals an eye for the things that often pass without comment - until she writes about them.

As your RVC, I get all of the newsletters in our region and read every one, cover to cover. They keep me fairly up-to-date on group happenings, politics and just the joie de vivre that is Mensa.

In other congratulatory news, 16-year-old Life Member Kathryn McNickle of Greater New York Mensa was accepted into the prestigious MIT Summer Mathematics programme. Students from around the country spend about six weeks at the MIT campus studying various fields of mathematics. Her proud grandmother, Clotilde Cepeda, is Greater New York Mensa's award-winning proctor coordinator.

I had a lovely visit to Albany and Troy, meeting with the members of Mensa of Northeastern New York. Joe O'Malley, who works in the state senate, gave me an insider's tour of the beautiful Capitol building and Empire State Plaza. The gold leaf accents, intricate woodwork and marble floors made me (briefly!) feel that my tax dollars were well spent. After crossing the Hudson to neighbouring Troy (the "Shirt Collar Capital of the World"), about a dozen and a half MoNNYers met for dinner at a landmark restaurant. Members got to ask me questions about the workings of the AMC (American

Mensa Committee, Mensa's Board of Directors) and current issues.

At dessert time, the lights went out and I was presented with an enormous whipped cream covered cake, candles blazing, as a late birthday celebration! What a surprise! Everyone had big slices (natch!) and I took the remainder back home, where it lasted three whole days - by limiting myself to one slice per day. Thanks a million to President/LocSec Judy Keating and her friendly group!

As the weather warms up, here's something cool to eat:

Bitter Chocolate Sorbet

- 1 cup milk
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ cup good cocoa powder
- 5 ounces bittersweet chocolate (e.g. Valrhona, Scharffen Berger, Callebaut)
- 2 cups water

Bring milk and sugar to just under a boil over medium heat, stirring occasionally.

Reduce heat to low, and whisk in cocoa powder until smooth. Cook at a gentle simmer for 15 minutes, stirring often.

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler. Slowly whisk in the cocoa mixture and water.

Chill thoroughly (set over ice water to speed this up). Transfer to ice-cream machine and process. (You can also partially freeze the mixture, then beat it smooth and return to freezer.) ■■

Letter to the Editor

This is John McGondel, and I submit my articles in several versions. Some are what I call "raw," and some are what I refer to as being in a dusted-off phase, then there are those that are thoroughly sanitized for your safety. Apparently I made a mistake, and allowed the horrific and insultingly disgraceful "F" word to sneak past me and be sent to our Sainted *Momentum* editor, Ms. Claire Natola. Claire was not at fault here, as she has been used to my submitting stuff which has been self-sanitized so as not to offend any Mensans or their families. For that

same reason, I have not published some of my best work, which really cannot be sanitized without ruining the premise and thematic context.

Therefore, I would now like to offer to Mr. Frank Wilson my sincere apologies for having been forced into writing a letter of reprimand in this matter. I would like to publicly acknowledge my own, sole responsibility in this case, and to assure all parties that Ms. Natola will never be put in such a compromising position again, by any act of mine.

*Thank you,
John McGondel*

Fame! Fortune!! Undying Adulation!!!

Well, OK...there's no fortune involved. But the rest is true! We have several vacant officer positions yearning to be filled! (Can't you just hear them crying out to you from the back cover?) Among them:

**Gifted Children's Coordinator for Maine
Young Mensa Advisor
Testing Coordinator
Regional Gathering Chair**

Won't you please consider lending your time and considerable talent to one of these positions? Please feel free to contact any member of the Executive Committee to discuss what's involved.

(Don't forget: Undying Adulation...)

Business Meeting

17 May 2004

submitted by

Claire Natola

Officers Present: Bill Alleman, Darlene Alleman, Bromley Baril, John Bauman, Ann Majeske, John McGondel, Claire Natola, Lynn Pina, John Sheehan, Tom Shiel, Walter Wakefield, Eric Werme

Members Present: Agatha Gagne, Lance Ribeiro

Others Present: Curry Bartlett

The meeting was called to order at 8:09 p.m.

Lance Ribeiro reported that the Election Committee met on May 10, 2004 to validate and count ballots. The election for Local Secretary resulted in a re-election for John Bauman by a margin of 30 to 17, with one empty ballot and six that were rejected due to lapsed membership.

Ric Werme moved to accept the results of the election, and to direct the Election Committee to destroy the ballots and disband. Ann Majeske and Darlene Alleman simultaneously and heartily seconded. The motion was passed.

Bill Alleman moved to adjourn the Business Meeting. Bromley Baril seconded. The motion was unanimously approved.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:18 p.m.

Executive Committee Meeting

17 May 2004

submitted by

Claire Natola

Officers Present: Bill Alleman, Darlene Alleman, Bromley Baril, John Bauman, Ann Majeske, John McGondel, Claire Natola, Lynn Pina, John Sheehan, Tom Shiel, Walter Wakefield, Eric Werme

Members Present: Agatha Gagne

Others Present: Curry Bartlett

The meeting was called to order at 8:18 p.m.

John Bauman reported that there are 60 lapsed New Hampshire members and 39 lapsed Maine members as of the end of the membership renewal period. John inquired as to how (or if) we should go about contacting these lapsed members. Discussion ensued about the possibility of sending postcards. Bromley Baril asked to receive the list of lapsed members, so she could review it. Ric Werme offered to print labels for lapsed-member correspondence.

John Bauman reported that Boston Mensa's Spring Mountain Climb was a big success with 23 attendees, nine from NH/ME Mensa. John read the May issue of Boston Mensa's *Beacon* at the Spring Mountain Climb, in which they published the names of their scholarship winners. John questioned whether it would be appropriate for NH/ME Mensa to do so, as well. Ann Majeske recalled that publicizing winners prior to National's publicizing of winners is supposed to be forbidden. John McGondel reported that his latest communication from Mary Dwyer Wolfe indicated that the processing of scholarship essays would be later than originally stated, and that two of our essayists are being put forward for National's consideration. Ann recalled that the winning essays have previously been published in *Momentum*, and John McGondel recommended we do so again.

Discussion was resurrected about whether we had chosen our local winners. It was reiterated that the essays were all scored, and that the winners will be determined at a later date.

Proctor Coordinator, Scholarship Chair, and Young Mensa Advisor positions need to be filled now, due to the recent resignations of Bob Fuller and John McGondel. Darlene Alleman offered her services for Scholarship Chair if no one else steps forward. John Bauman will temporarily take over as Proctor Coordinator. John McGondel agreed to have Young Mensa Coordinator Ben Thompson continue to depend on him in an advisory capacity until someone else steps forward.

Darlene Alleman moved to adjourn. Bill Alleman seconded. The motion was unanimously approved.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:55 p.m. 

My friends got married last night. And while we celebrated their new life, another friend was celebrating her next new life. I met her in 1999, she was my first psychology teacher. I was amazed at how straight-laced and prim-and-proper she seemed to be. My daughter Angelique was also a student in the same class as me, at what is now called Chester College of New England. But that name-change happened after we had taken several courses together with this teacher.

While we studied with Neil, it was called White Pines College. The teacher's name was Cornelia (Neil) Brous, and she was a Doctor of Educational Psychology. She was also the most upbeat and positive person I have ever met, still to this day. Eventually, my second daughter Melody began taking psychology courses with her, also with me as a classmate. This must have been extraordinarily difficult for Neil. My wife Eileen had taken psychology, long before I had ever tried to, and she had always raved about how much she liked the subject. Now, my daughters and I are lifelong psychologists.

This woman, Neil, touched our family on many levels, and still does, on this day after she died. She fought cancer for the last eighteen months, and engaged in battle against the disease like a true gladiator. While

my family and I were celebrating a wedding last night, Neil lost her final battle against one of the most formidable of enemies. But not without putting up a valiant, fearless defense. She would have liked the scenario - a new life beginning for two people I love, while another life I loved evolved into its next level of existence.

I sat outside this morning, contemplating the complexity and seeming randomness of life, and I silently asked for some sign that there was something more out there than just void. As I sat, alone in the early morning, in the shade of a tree in my backyard, a butterfly slowly made its way, through the strong breeze, toward me. It passed me, very close it was, and it hovered for a moment in front of me. Then it flitted away, across the yard. I chalked that up to the erratic randomness of the universe, and asked again for another sign. Through my tears, I saw the same butterfly slowly bank around to the left, and come once again toward me. Again it hovered in front of me, and this time I said out loud to it: "Thank you, Neil, for giving me as much after your death as you have given me and my daughters before your death. The butterfly stayed there, perched upon a flower, until my face was no longer wet.

My friends got married last night. The circle continues, despite us. ■



Read it and reap...

Within the past few weeks, I have been approached by four Mensans with complaints about others in our active group. Rather than just accepting them, I asked closely of each person what these complaints were about. Soon, it became apparent that these were not real complaints, but expressions of antipathy. It surprised me that this type of presentment came from several, against several, not a single "villain."

While I have been more or less aware of societal discontent at large; we, as the smartest, should be above the fray. There is also fractious discontent of Mensa practices, events, and venues, with little reason. Some long diatribes have been scripted and published, sometimes with meager retractions a short time later, though the damage has already been done, leaving some to wonder why we barbarians exist as an organization at all.

If you must publish vitriol (in any form), at least hold off for a few days before sending it out there. Read it over again and thrice to really ponder if this helps anyone. This is one of the downside characteristics of computers. Public laundering and gossip-mongering should be left to the bottom 2%, not the top 2%. This new way is far too easy to spit venom. Of course, this new psychological tic allows a few to harm many.

A wise Mensan, whose counsel I sought before declaring this, told me that this sort of thing makes many who are exposed to it unhappy, turning the actives into perfunctory robots, eroding our reasons for being. After some considerable thought on why this vitriolic behavior exists at all, I have reasonably found that these feelings come about because of poor

interaction, rightfully named social skills and etiquette. Even in our adulthood, we regress to MULTIPLYING slights into larger slights, mirrored through anger and hatred, often presented to others as exaggerated complaints of wrongdoing, or lack of doing when something is perceived not to have been done. Strangely, often those who have the least social skills are the most offended when others don't use them.

We could and should step back and examine how we treat others, both other Mensans and everyone. Some hints:

- Be kind.
- Control anger.
- Do what you say you'll do, soon.
- Don't say you'll do something you won't.
- Try not to be contrary.
- Don't interrupt: listen and learn. Consider yourself satisfied when you get your turn to speak.
- Find things to like about your fellow members. Each has many.
- When somebody does something good for you, or even not you, show appreciation. For committees, too.
- Say hello and goodnight.
- Be concerned.
- SMILE...

Remember, each of our active members does work for the good of all, and receives NO pay. That person who slighted you might be having a bad day, or worse, letting frustration or anger show. Fortunately, age teaches these hard lessons (and I am aged); but, you yourself can learn now, in your youth. Are social skills really superfluous to high-intelligence people? We all need recognition of our good and our existence. We're all good people with interesting backgrounds. Bless You All. 🙏

Special Events

Pow-Owl CaMp at Buffalo Gap August 20-22, 2004

This delightful new annual event is like a mini summer camp for Mensans and friends/family of all ages. Buffalo Gap Camp is located west of Winchester, Virginia; the camp is wonderful and the food is excellent.

Planned activities include a variety of RG-like programs, a dance sampler series, and traditional camp activities like swimming, singing, and s'mores around the campfire. Cabins will be set aside for games, a book swap, and the children's clubhouse.

All we need is YOU! Registration is \$185 until July 19. A \$50 non-refundable deposit is requested, with the balance due by July 19. After that, registration is \$205 until August 13. Registration is 75% for ages 13-17, 50% for ages 6-12, and free for children under 6. Includes pleasant cabin space (private room extra), tasty meals/snacks from Friday dinner through Sunday lunch, and tons of fun!

For more information, contact event sponsor Jenny Foster at pinc@xecu.net.

Cancun Club Med SIG Gathering September 4 - 11, 2004

Mark your calendars for a splashing good time at the Club Med SIG Gathering in

Cancun the week of September 4 to 11, 2004.

Enjoy sailing, windsurfing, waterskiing, kayaking, snorkeling, tennis, dancing, and French food (with wine). All lessons are included. All sports equipment is included, even sailboats. All meals and bar drinks and snacks between meals are included!

Registration is free. For more information, e-mail Erica Byrne of the Club Med SIG at EMByrne@attglobal.net. Or, check out the SIG website at www.MensaClubMed.org.

Whale and Puffin Watch Bar Harbor, Maine Tentative Date: September 11, 2004 1:00 PM

Join us on a whale and puffin watch in Bar Harbor, Maine! Acadian Whale Adventures (<http://www.barharborwhales.com/rates.htm>) offers a three-hour cruise.

Rates are \$39 for adults, \$25 for children (under 5 free), \$27 for seniors. Group rates are available for groups of 15 or more, so please indicate your interest to Darlene at 603-529-4446 or DSojda@aol.com so we can plan accordingly.

After the cruise we will go to a nearby park for a picnic dinner. We may also try to schedule a tour of Jackson Laboratory if time and interest permit.

I'm spittin' rusty nails at this point, and need a place to vent. You guys lose. If'n ya don't have a Harley (and therefore won't find yourself in a directly comparable situation, dealer-wise), you're currently less than utterly bored out of your skull, or you have no sense whatsoever of *schadenfreude*, don't even bother. Just turn the page now...

When I can't afford to support — financially, temporally, and intellectually — the dealer network anymore, perhaps it's time to move on...

The following diatribe started as a frustrated monograph on Murphy's Law, but all too quickly morphed into...

The Harley-Davidson Consumer's Nightmare

The adventure begins. Some names have been removed to protect the befuddled and/or incompetent.

So I'm riding into Concord to teach a Friday night motorcycle class one recent week, and I make a quick stop at a nearby store, shopping for some range gear. When I try to leave, my '85 Electra-Glide doesn't start, and I hear an ominous "bang!," *not* emanating from the tailpipe. Continued attempts to bring her to life accomplish nothing.

By now, I've backed her out of the space into the driveway, so I decide to push her forward to some contiguous empty spaces ahead. I'm now getting dangerously close to late for class, and I theorize flooding, so I dismount and make some calls, allowing the carb to drain.

Having secured a ride to class, I try again. After a good deal of cajoling, she finally roars to life, but with much coughing and sputtering, and stalls out anywhere below about 3 grand; immediately, if I open the choke. I still see some black smoke coming from the pipes, so I think perhaps if I can just get underway, I can blow whatever it is out. So I shift into first. Nothing. Well, *that's* not good...

Finally, having no further luck keeping her running, I give up. Release the throttle, immediate stall. I dismount in frustration and walk around the bike. Hmm, now, *that's* new... The drivebelt's dragging on the pavement. That would certainly explain the truant gears, now wouldn't it? "Hello, Heritage Harley?" Sharon, one of the Concord site managers, arrives to graciously deliver me to class, and I entrust the bike to the mall parking lot and Heritage's soon-to-arrive trailer, belt now dangling forlornly over the windshield.

The next morning, I call Heritage from the teaching range, in between exercises, to check in. "Huh? What bike? Electra-Glide? Last night? Who'd you talk to? Hang on. Lemme get back to ya..." My confidence level is immeasurable. "Hi. Oh, yeah. It's here. We're real busy, though. Gonna be a few days before we can get to 'er." OK... Keep me posted...

Ten days later, I call out of curiosity, especially since I've just discovered I'm scheduled to teach the new Experienced Rider Course one week hence, and I haven't practiced the exercises at all yet (I must contend this is partially understandable, since I got certified on the new curriculum

only a couple of weeks before my drivebelt went south, now so very long ago). "Oh, uh... Hang on... Yup, she's all set!" Good. How much? "Le'ssee. \$761 and change."

Once I get myself back up off the floor, I inquire further. "Yup. Drivebelt... 7.1 hours labor..." O...K... We'll talk.

Somehow dissatisfied with that experience, I call around. Manchester Harley informs me, sorry, they just don't work on antiques like that anymore. (And they think they're gonna sell me a *new* one? To paraphrase Barbara Billingsley in *Airplane!*, "chump don' want no bidness, chump don' get no bidness.") "We can give you a recommendation, though." Fine.

"Hello. Twisted Cycle." I explain the situation. How much would *you* charge for replacing a broken drivebelt on an '85 Electra-Glide? "Le'ssee. Oh, \$160 for the belt, 'bout \$50 for gaskets and such, ~3-4 hours labor (btw, another Harley service manager has since confirmed that this figure is closer to default reality). Plus the tow, of course, \$50 intra-city. Prob'ly about \$500." Yup, that's closer to what I had expected. Thanks. We'll be doing business real soon. Nevertheless, he tries mildly to defend the dealers. "It's tough to keep up with the technology..." Oh, yeah, that's it. Harleys change so fast. Let's remember, this is only *one* major engine generation ago. If Honda or Yamaha or even Ford pulled this crap, they'd be cutting off service after 36 months! You'd be on your own before the warranty ran out!

Upon my arrival at Heritage, we have a discussion regarding the apparently indolent nature of their mechanic's pace, and the odd notion that the

aftermarket shop can get Harley belts at 3/4 the price (at least Heritage's tow, at \$20, was the less expensive). They offer to knock the labor down to 5.5 hours. \$640. Well, that's somethin'. (Hey, at least Heritage still deigns to even *work* on such ghastly-old machinery, right...?) She outside? "Yep." (Not really: they hadn't gotten around to washing her yet...) Fairly certain of the answer, I idly inquire as I sign the paperwork, if there could have been any connection between the drivebelt and that disquieting "bang!" and the poor running. "Not likely." No matter. If she were still in that horrid condition, they'd certainly say something... Thanks.

Swing a leg over, and fire her up. Cough, sputter, sputter, cough, cough. Stalls out below about 3 grand. Try and open the choke — as is normally *immediately* necessary — and she stalls immediately. Haven't I been here before? I'm guessing a surfeit of air, maybe a hole in the manifold or similar. Could *any* mechanic sign off on a bike in this condition? Without a word? Assuming they'd actually test-riden it after service, of course... Well, at least I've got first gear now. Let's see if we can blow whatever it is out.

A mile down the road, I've turned enough heads at the 4000+ RPM required to maintain any torque at all, and I give up. U-turn back to the shop, revving all the way. How did this bike survive a test-ride, even just to the end of the parking lot? A private, well-attended conference in the back room ensues. "Let's go take a look, shall we? But you know, if it's not on the work order..." Ten minutes later, I query, "You would concede, would you not, that following the requisite post-service test-ride that

can't help but uncover this problem, no competent mechanic should let this go without saying *something*, work order or not?" "Well, yeah..."

Back on the lift, the first suspicion is bad gas. "I'm *sure* that's gonna fix it," as he pumps the tank dry. Hmm, I muse aloud, where did I last fill up... "And how long ago?" Within the last 2 weeks. "Oh..." Next.

I look away for a minute. When I turn back, he's sporting a Cheshire Cat grin. Yes...? "It's very dirty." Thinking he's referring to the general condition, I joke that that's why I bring her in for service (for the subsequent bath — which, you may recall, she's already had today). He doesn't get the joke, and soon makes clear why: he's talking about the gas filter he's pulled from the tank, and yes, it's pretty nasty. "These need to be serviced every 10k miles. When was the last time you had a 10k service done?" Well, that was last year, 50k service, done here (that had been my *first* experience with the Heritage service department; as I recall, it had ended up pretty long and pricey, as well). "Oh..." Doesn't make a whole lot of difference to *me* at this point, I offer (it does, of course — this will be my *last* experience with the Heritage service department), but you might want to check the service records and see who did that service last year. Maybe see what *else* he might have neglected. Next.

Finally, we get to the carb. Moving the gas tank, he finds a 1/2" gaping hole in the top that he refers to as a "Welch plug." It's used in manufacturing, he says, and *definitely* shouldn't be a hole now. Great. Could that have been the "bang!" I heard? "Could well be." They'll need to do some research. Y'see, the

carb's not only an ancient *Harley* part, but an ancient Harley *Screamin' Eagle* part. No tellin'... Meanwhile, my weekend ERC inches closer and closer...

Friday, two full weeks since the adventure began, I call at 11:30 a.m. and get only the voicemail system. "This is the owner of the '85 Electra-Glide you've now had for two weeks. I'm wondering if I'll be able to get her back for the ERC I'm supposed to teach... this... weekend... Thank you."

Friday, 5:00 p.m. I'm not giving up until there's a human on the line... It's me, again. I left voicemail this morning, and I'm beginning to suspect you people have no outbound phone service. "Oh, she's all set." What was the problem? "Hang on... The Welch plug in the carb was pretty much gone. We replaced it." The plug or the carb? "The plug." How much? "\$219." For the plug?!? "Yup. We can discuss it if you stop in. I'm kinda busy right now..." Uh-huh. You know we will. I guess *somebody's* gotta pay for that big shiny new building...

Saturday, 9:30 a.m., in person. "She's all set." Was she actually test-ridden this time? "Oh, yeah! Runnin' real good." I'll take their word for it: I have zero desire to pursue any of this further at the moment.

She was still coughing and sputtering a bit until I got onto the highway, and the 3/4 tank of gas she had when towed in had been reduced to enough to get me home, but I won't be back any time soon to address either...

Oh, the ERC — and my demos — went fine, thanks for asking. 🏠

**Did you attend the 2004 Granite Gathering?
Did you have a great time?
Then here's your chance to pay it forward!**

How? Attend the RG 2005 Kick-Off Meeting!

When/Where? Monday, July 12th, at 7:00 p.m. at Milly's Tavern in Manchester (see the July Calendar for details/directions).

This year, we are really encouraging **NEW AND CLOSET MENSA MEMBERS** to bring their enthusiasm and fresh ideas to the RG process and really get involved! Come early to make certain you grab your piece of the glory! Meet our returning veterans and newcomers to sit, eat, drink, brainstorm ideas and hopefully volunteer for various RG tasks and committee positions, which include but are not limited to:

RG Chair
Assistant RG Chair
Programming/Speakers Chair
Hospitality Chair
Assistant Hospitality Chair
Breakfast Coordinator
Games Chair
Movies Room Chair
RG Primer
Bartender
Speaker Escorts
Gofers

Whatever position you wish to bring forward as an idea!

Some of our past veterans may sign up again for some of these positions, but nothing is firm at this point, other than Registrar, where Deb Stone has graciously volunteered to serve again this year, flying in from California. Don't be shy, newbies will be well-backstopped by those who have done this before, and volunteering is a great way to feel very much at home right in the thick of things.

Please contact Lynn Pina, the 2004 RG Chair, at Lpb52@cotse.net with any questions, or at 603-456-2074 (before 9:00 p.m. please). The meeting starts at 7:00 p.m., so please try to arrive by 6:15 p.m. so you can order your dinner and have time to eat it before discussion begins. We look forward to seeing you there!

Greed and laziness have long been popularly perceived as flaws in the human character. While greed and laziness can express themselves independently, they are in many ways intertwined in the human psyche.

Even the lowest dregs of humanity can and often are quite capable of demonstrating basic greed and laziness. In fact, the ability to exhibit these behaviors is often cited as the primary reason for the failures of these sorry humans. At the other end of the scale there are the idle rich - a state aspired to by many. So at both ends of the social scale we have manifestations of greed and laziness, with the primary difference being their competence at being greedy and lazy.

Much effort is made to redirect or suppress the natural inclinations of children to be greedy and lazy. But are we right in trying to change these most basic and natural aspects of human nature? The fact that these characteristics have proven so durable and wide spread would seem to indicate that there is some evolutionarily valid reason for their persistence.

As contradictory as it may sound, I think a compelling case can be made that greed and laziness in their more evolved forms have provided much of the fuel for the engine that created our modern world. The difference between self-destructive greed and laziness, and the higher motivations that have driven us to build civilizations, is the difference between the superficial and profound forms of these human characteristics.

Greed and laziness arguably evolved out of basic survival mechanisms needed by our predecessors. As pack hunters and scavengers, early prehumans lived in a world of irregular food supplies. In a world of feast or famine, an individual needed to eat as much as he could when he could in order to survive periods when food was scarce. Dogs, still largely adapted to the irregular life of hunting packs, also exhibit this tendency to compulsively overeat when given free access to food. Laziness probably evolved out of the survival advantage of conserving energy when possible. By avoiding unnecessary energy outputs, the individual lowers his food needs and conserves his energy reserves for escaping from predators and other unavoidable demands.

Largely isolated from their original evolutionary advantages, these basic instincts are transformed by human societies into a variety of human behaviors ranging from entirely negative socially destructive manifestations to transcendent altruism and apparently selfless sacrifice. The key to these apparently higher aspects is the evolution of profound greed and laziness into the intellectual abstraction of enlightened self-interest.

Consider two prospective farmers faced with fields full of rocks and the need to construct some sort of shelter. One farmer is only superficially lazy while his neighbor has achieved profound laziness. While the superficially lazy farmer seeks to do as little as possible for as long as possible, the profoundly lazy farmer dreams of achieving

ultimate idleness and the lowest possible total effort over a lifetime.

The superficially lazy farmer expresses his basic nature as we would expect - he constantly attempts to minimize his activity level, doing only as little as necessary to sustain life. He removes just enough of the rocks from just enough of his land to grow just enough food to stay alive. He builds a crude shelter that provides the bare minimum of protection from the elements. As he goes through life he attempts to find ways to expend the minimum effort at that particular moment, and only does what can't be avoided. For example, when faced with the unavoidable need to fetch water he only fills as many pails as he needs at the moment.

The superficially lazy farmer achieves his maximum avoidance of work early and is then obliged to maintain that level with little hope of reducing it further. In order to sustain even this level of laziness he is obliged to make sacrifices in his standard of living. Perhaps more importantly he is never able to afford the labor saving devices that would have made the work he is unable to avoid so much easier.

Now consider the profoundly lazy farmer. Instead of trying to avoid work, he puts his efforts into creating permanent solutions for the work he doesn't want to do. While the merely superficially lazy are faced with the endless repetitive grind of avoiding work, the profoundly lazy are willing to work very hard over the short term to outright eliminate the need to work in the long term. And each time the profoundly lazy individual eliminates another form of repellent work, he frees up yet more resources that can then be brought to bear on eliminating the remaining annoying demands of life.

The profoundly lazy farmer sees that most problems in life can be approached a bit like building a siphon. He can see that if he puts out a little extra effort to lay out the pipe and prime the flow, from then on the siphon will deliver a continuous supply of water without any additional effort. Even though he appears to work harder at first, he knows that over the long haul he'll put a lot less effort into hauling water than his only superficially lazy neighbor.

The profoundly lazy farmer approaches the problem of rocks in his fields in the same way. Instead of laboriously clearing just enough land to survive by hand, he puts his efforts into building a rock-clearing machine. Not only does the machine take care of the hard work of clearing his land, but he can then rent the machine out to his neighbors for enough money to pay someone else to build his house for him. With more land cleared for crops the farmer earns enough to buy the latest labor saving devices and hire others to do much of the rest of his work. As he becomes more and more successful in the traditional sense, he puts in less and less of the hard physical labor that is the focus of his innate laziness.

Although while building his rock-clearing machine he might give the uncritical observer the impression of tireless industry, one must consider the overall results to see the farmer's true nature. The profoundly lazy farmer is willing to make these extra efforts in the beginning because he expects them to eventually allow him to achieve a substantially lazier life-style than his neighbor. Considering the effects of their different levels of laziness over a lifetime, while the profoundly lazy farmer had periods where he worked much harder than his superficially lazy neighbor, he achieved

a better standard of living while expending less effort overall.

Now consider the related concept of superficial and profound greed. The superficially greedy individual defines his desires relative to those around him on a moment-to-moment basis. Whatever those around him want, he wants to have more of it than they have. His greed can be satisfied either by acquiring more himself, or by those around him having less. It doesn't matter whether his definition of wealth is having a few more grains of rice in his bowl than the next guy, or more dollars in the bank, it's all relative.

Even the least developed intellect is capable of expressing superficial greed. The infantile intellect always wants more milk than his internal organs can accommodate, the biggest piece of the candy bar, the biggest office, the biggest bonus check. Superficial greed is almost always contrary to the individual's best interests and harmful to those around him. Superficial greed focuses on acquiring possession of existing resources and privileges, and requires a winner and a loser.

Achieving truly profound greed requires a far more developed intellect and understanding of how the world really works. At its ultimate evolution profound greed becomes enlightened self-interest. Henry Ford first evolved beyond the crude superficial greed of his contemporaries in the car business when he realized he could make more money selling lots of cheap cars instead of a few very expensive ones. His greed transcended into the profound with his revelation that if he paid his workers a bit more money they would become his customers as well, and he'd make back more far more in increased sales than the apparently humanitarian gesture of paying a decent wage cost him.

There is always a downside to superficial greed since in order for there to be a winner there must also be losers - who tend to resent being cast in the role. The greedy winner must always be on guard that one or more losers will turn on him and destroy his fragile privileged situation. In order to defend his relative wealth it becomes important to suppress or distract the efforts of others to prevent their success compromising his relative position. While the superficially greedy individual might attempt to exploit the productivity of a group of others, he can't allow any group to achieve its maximum effectiveness. The primary criteria that he have more than those around him dictates that he not allow the other members of a group to benefit from their own efforts to the extent he benefits from them.

The greater the success of the winner, the greater the effort he must expend to defend his ill-gotten gains. Many of the superficially greedy are forced to become so involved in defending their hoard that they in effect become the victims of their own baser instincts.

The profoundly greedy measures his wealth not against the assets of his neighbors, but against a utopian ideal. The goal of the profoundly greedy transcends simple crude avarice to seeking the best possible life he can live. If achieving his goal also means others will benefit from his efforts, so be it. The utopian goal is far more important than preserving the fragile illusion of relative wealth.

Most importantly, the profoundly greedy is unwilling to pay a downside for his greed - he wants it all without having to expend a lot of effort to defend it or suffer the nagging fear of eventually losing it. Once the individual's greed has evolved to the

point where he can appreciate both the real value and infinite potentials of seeking individual advantage even if that same advantage is enjoyed by those around him, the stage is set for the evolution of advanced civilization.

The social contract that forms the very foundation of civilization is an extension of profound greed. The social contract provides the basic structure necessary to allow those whose greed has transformed into enlightened self-interest to work together to create a higher standard of living for all. By agreeing to respect each other's lives and property, the participants in the social contract minimize the downside costs of their acquisitiveness. They also realize that the wholly independent efforts of a single superficially greedy individual pale to insignificance compared to the individual returns from the organized efforts of an entire society of profoundly greedy individuals practicing enlightened self-interest.

The individual operating under enlightened self-interest appreciates that he receives substantial benefits from acting as part of a larger system. As such, he understands that the smooth efficient operation of the larger system is to his advantage, and that serving the general good is also serving his own goals. His enlightened self-interest allows him to see that to the extent he cooperates in helping others achieve their goals he also helps himself.

With our current perverse politically correct aversion to greed and laziness we're not seeing an elimination of these basic instinctual drives, but rather a disturbing resurgence of their most primitive forms. Turning away from the mentality

of plenty born of enlightened self-interest, we're regressing back into a perception of scarcity where those driven by their superficial instincts become obsessed trying to grab an ever larger slice of an ever smaller pie.

I submit that the proper approach isn't trying to deny these most basic aspects of our nature, but rather to revel in our greed and laziness to the point where these base instincts transcend into the high level function of enlightened self-interest. Only the profoundly greedy attain the transcendent understanding that the easiest way to achieve their self-interested goals is to create new wealth - that it's a lot easier to create a new pie by creating a new product, technology or opening a new frontier, than to waste their efforts squabbling over the old pie of existing wealth.

Greed and laziness become powerful forces advancing the human condition when expressed as enlightened self-interest. Only those less evolved intellects among us still vainly struggling to actualize their primitive superficial greed and laziness pose a danger to themselves and to modern society.

While superficial greed focuses on trying to grab up as much of the past as possible, only the profound greed of enlightened self-interest can create the new future that will take humanity to the stars and beyond. Only profound laziness can summon up the drive and force of will to make the trip armchair easy.

Reprinted by request from the August/September 1997 issue of Port of Call, the Intertel Region VII Newsletter.

Momentum is proud to present *Kick Irrational*, a comic strip by Brian Lord, which we will run on a regular basis. To acquaint you with the characters, here's a handy guide:

CHARACTERS



KICK IRRATIONAL is the likeable Mr. Average who can never seem to get ahead, but can never give up trying. In fact, the only visible sign of success in his life is his wife...



KRICKET IRRATIONAL. She is highly organized and highly motivated. She's also easily angered and excited, to the great fear and joy of Kick, but she loves being with him. In fact, she's the only person who spends more time with Kick than...



TOLK. Kick's best friend, Talk is a rich, irreverent bachelor and super-athlete who could make a living putting down Kick's sheepish ways if he needed to. If he were the devil sitting on Kick's shoulder, the angel would be...



LEWIS. A brilliant inventor and church goer, he always tries to encourage Kick. His genius is off-set by a lack of common sense, and he's deep in the midst of a losing battle against sweet tea, barbecue, and food in general. If Kick can't find an answer from Lewis, he can always turn to...



DR. WILLIAMS. A mentor to Kick and the others, he's not afraid to dole out some advice and tough love, whether it's asked for or not. The senior member of the group, he's a far cry from the youngest.



JOSIE. An earthy and ditzzy girl, she's like the little sister Cricket never had. She loves trees, animals, and anything made of soy. She never tires of trying to get Cricket to try the newest workout fad. From her name, to her look and personality, Josie came about completely from reader suggestions.



FAKE MONEY

Reach in your pocket and take out that big roll of bills. Depending on how many of them you have you feel pretty good. BUT did you know they are not worth the paper they are printed on? Huh? Let me explain.

Yes, those bills are legal tender because those guys in Washington passed a law stating they must be accepted for payment. They are Federal Reserve Notes and it states right on the bill, "This is legal tender for all debts, public and private." That is OK, but if you go to the U.S. Mint will they redeem it in gold or silver? Years ago they did, but not since 1971.

Almost everyone has bought stock in a company. The company issues shares and each share represents a portion of the ownership in that company. It is against the best interests of the stockholders to issue additional shares unless something of equal value is added. Why?

Let's keep it very simple. Suppose the company is worth \$100,000 and it has issued 100,000 shares of stock. The stock has a book value of \$1.00 per share. If the officers of the company decide to issue another 100,000 shares to hire security guards (like soldiers), lease (not buy) an airplane, increase the accounting staff (these folks do not increase production) and pay the executives more (who will produce the same amount as they are now) you will notice that all these expenses do not add to the company's profits. The value of all shares is now 50 cents per share because the value of the company has remained the same.

\$100,000 divided by 200,000 shares is 50 cents per share.

What has all that to do with your money? You have seen in the paper that the Federal Reserve Bank (it is neither Federal nor maintains a reserve) has had an auction for Treasury Bills. Sir Alan Greenspan has authorized the printing of those T-Bills. With just paper and ink he has created billions of dollars of debt for the government. And who is the government? YOU. Each time the Fed turns on the printing presses to sell government bonds it effectively dilutes the value of the money you have. That is called inflation. Unless the productivity rate of the country increases by a like amount it devalues your currency.

Should you care? What it amounts to is everything will cost more because your money represents less. This is monetary inflation and has nothing to do with the supply of goods. Yet some day (who knows when) those bonds will have to be redeemed. The idea of the central government is to keep watering down the money so they can pay off the debt with cheaper and cheaper dollars. This is a method of creating money instead of raising taxes, yet you are paying for it.

Throughout history there have been scores of private and government banks that have issued fake (fiat) money and in every case they have failed and the holders of the fake money have lost. Will that happen this time? I would not bet against it. ■

In the back of the smoke-filled noisy bar was a door, which opened into a private room. The door was well guarded by two huge bald-headed men, one a Korean and the other a combination of Turk and Irish. Both wore loose-fitting military-style combat fatigues. No one in his or her right (or wrong) mind ever thought of going near that door. For everyone and their friends knew that the Bad-Man himself, Little Teddy, held his high court in there. Little Teddy was beheld in awe by all of his people and his was the final word in all matters. He solved all disputes. All of the black dealers and pushers and pimps and working girls and street runners worked either for him, or for someone else who did work for him.

Basically, Little Teddy taxed all criminal activities, and viewed himself as being a 'provider of services.' As a general contractor, he delegated work out to various individuals, subcontractors and other small 'companies,' according to the job to be done. Little Teddy had first managed to squeeze out the Italian Mafia, and then had proceeded to chase the Puerto Rican 'Macheteros' out of his part of the city.

The blacks whom had been left, (that is, those who still sought to do any kind of business), had quickly found out that there were really only three options left open to them: Working for Little Teddy, relocating, or being found dead. This simple reorganizing tactic worked amazingly well, and, after a few dozen grisly deaths, everything had sifted down into a comfortable routine.

Until now, in his drug operations. Little Teddy had found out that his South American heroin connection was orchestrating another price war. He saw any rise in his wholesale costs as a slap, or spit, in his face, and took it as though someone were personally picking his pocket.

That was why he was now in the back room of the bar meeting with Kung Pao, who was in the Chinese import business. They were winding up negotiations on a deal whereby Pao became Teddy's new drug source. The price was right, and the quality of the merchandise was better.

As Pao left the bar, Teddy's two door-guards escorted him to his waiting limousine. When the limo pulled away from the curb the two guards went back inside to Teddy, who was still flanked by his two personal guards. Little Teddy was smiling. He was about to realize a 25% increase in profit due to those 'sneaky yellow bastards,' as he referred to all Orientals.

He sat back and puffed away on a contraband Cuban cigar, idly daydreaming of the day when the blacks would rise against the whites, and take back that which by right should be theirs. The four bodyguards stood by emotionlessly as Little Teddy stared through the cigar smoke, thinking of the Watts riots of the sixties, and the L.A. riots of the nineties. And Dr. King. And Malcolm X. And Cleaver, Seale, and of all the unknown names. And Rodney King. Time was quickly running out on Whitey, for Little Teddy had almost enough money to outfit his area's army...

Meanwhile, Kung Pao motioned to his chauffeur to drive away, and the customized Mitsubishi pulled off from the curb in such an agile and graceful way, that the surrounding Cadillac and Lincoln owners were left in states of open lust and envy.

Pao spoke softly to his chief aide: "These blacks, they seem to be ignorant of long range thinking." The chief aide nodded silently. Pao spoke again: "He is one big fish in a small pond. And there are many such ponds, each one with its big fish. If all the ponds were joined, and all the big fish united in purpose, they could control the waters. And the fisherman harvests the fish in his sea. Our people shall one day soon begin to harvest this sea of plenty. We are within months of realizing the ultimate fulfillment of our people's plan. All will be well."

Kung Pao drifted off in thought, as the armor-plated Mitsubishi hummed toward the next city in the chain...

Shaka Kinte: "Brothers! Sisters! The time is near! The white man will know and fear our power, and soon. 25 cities, count them, 25! All across America! It will begin with the main eleven cities: L.A., Miami, Atlanta, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, New York, Boston, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Chicago!!! All on the same day, brothers. Dig it. All at the same time! Even the National Guard won't be able to control it! We are going to shut this country down, my brothers! Can...You...Dig...It?"

The applause was deafening. Shaka, leader of the 'Sons of Kunta,' pressed on: "And then the rest: Newark, Hartford, Buffalo, Richmond, Selma, Montgomery, Tallahassee, Jackson, Vegas, and Winston-Salem,

Austin, Seattle, Cleveland, and even Washington D.C. itself! Some 25 cities. All the big ones. And all ours! THIS COUNTRY IS OURS, IF WE ARE WILLING TO TAKE IT. TELL ME, ARE WE READY TO TAKE IT!???"

There was a roar from the crowd, and Shaka bid them all a goodnight, before being spirited away by his aides. He was still enjoying the feeling from his earlier meeting with his 75 generals, an average of three each from the 25 chosen major cities.

Everyone would be ready for the next New Year's Eve. Shaka would have preferred a warmer time of year, but apparently Kung Pao was adamant about it being on New Year's Eve, shortly after midnight. And Shaka could not argue with the man. For without Kung Pao, there would be no low-priced heroin available. And without the heroin, there would be no money for the revolution. So that was that. It would happen on New Year's Eve.

Kung Pao was finally able to report to his boss, the Chinese ambassador, that all was prepared, the code word was 'Genghis,' and the delighted Chinese ambassador immediately left for Beijing on a private jet. By the following morning, the plans were set into motion. Several cargo boats, carrying millions of dollars worth of cheap plastic toys, made by child-slave-laborers earning at the most perhaps 17 cents per hour, arrived every day in every port of the U.S. Along with the toys, they also carried many tons of processed heroin, destined for the streets of the major American cities.

Kung Pao was a high-ranking Chinese counter-intelligence operative who had received the honor of being asked to infiltrate the

drug dealers in 25 major U.S. cities, in such a way that the Chinese government would end up in control of the supplying of heroin to the local distributors. This had taken some time, but was not all that difficult. He had leaked to the U.S. government secret files on all of his country's information concerning the existing suppliers. The resulting busts had crippled those wholesalers, driving up their prices, while depleting their stockpiles, and they had faded out of the picture.

Only Kung Pao could promise to produce a higher quality product at a lower price. Deals were made nationwide, and the new, more potent narcotics hit the streets of America during the first few hot summer weeks. The cops became frantic; the overdoses were too many to count. The crime rate went through the roof and the coming months would turn out to be increasingly more brutal.

All the while, the people whom Kung Pao represented just waited. The second wave of their invasion of the U.S. was well planned out, and ready to be executed. On New Year's Eve. So Kung Pao relaxed in San Francisco, looking at his calendar. Just seven more short weeks of waiting. Then he would become a part of history, as was his destiny.

New Year's Eve: The crowds worshipped Shaka Kinte as if he were Martin Luther King and Malcolm X combined. Shaka Kinte spoke loudly to his audience: "All my brothers and sisters, hear me and listen! The march on Washington with Farrakhan was good. It showed that we could paralyze any city that we choose. WE! US! Brothers and sisters!" There was a deafening applause. "And Whitey was scared! Why, my brothers?"

Because we were acting together! Soon, we will be strong enough to take back that which we deserve." The crowd was wild with enthusiasm, so no one noticed the small hooded man about 200 feet away, huddled against a tree.

Shaka Kinte was turning his head from side to side, his eyes sweeping the crowd before him, as the hooded man squeezed the trigger. Shaka's eyes crossed as the bullet entered his nasal cavity and exited his skull, sucking one eye out with it, leaving a fist-sized hole at the back of his head.

During the ensuing chaos, no one paid attention to the little oriental man, with a collapsible stock AK47 under his long coat, as he wandered out of the park. Then two things happened fast. The blacks went on a rampage, and the scared whites got out their guns. The media fanned the flames, and by morning, a race war would be crippling the country.

It has been estimated that perhaps forty percent of White America has Chinese food on New Year's Eve. Which would be approximately sixty million people. When the rioting started, large amounts of people were already at the overcrowded hospitals and clinics, with severe bowel disorders. By 6:00 a.m., the National Center for Disease Control had declared a botulism epidemic of unknown origin. When it finally became obvious to the federal agency that this was a case of biological warfare, the armed services were called in.

Approximately eighty percent of the blacks refused to mobilize. This alone created an administrative nightmare, and by the time that the government was able to get organized enough to confront the

situation, the 25 major U.S. cities were under black rule. The mostly non-black death toll was already in the many thousands.

The Americans paid no notice to the fact that the west coast was lined up with Chinese merchant freighters, who waited patiently, a few miles offshore, safely drifting around in circles in the international Pacific waters. The coast guard was preoccupied with protecting the big port cities. Most of the navy was elsewhere in the world, protecting every other country but its own.

January 2: Each of the 25 cities had its own black general. Sometimes one general, sometimes up to as many as five, as in the larger cities. Little Teddy controlled his city with his lieutenants. On this morning, he somehow felt both exhausted and invigorated at the same time. For now he really owned the city. Lock, stock, and barrel. He monitored the other cities by ham radio. Whitey was scared and was running. He thought of Kung Pao and chuckled. The little yellow SOB had turned out to be a blessing.

Meanwhile, Kung Pao sat in his luxurious stateroom aboard the Chinese embassy ship, sipping warm rice wine and smiling. The country of America was in a state of emergency, and was fast approaching chaos. All available armed forces personnel were surrounding the fallen cities. They awaited orders from the President, who was up in the sky aboard *Air Force One*, her temporary new office and home. From there, she issued her hourly, around-the-clock State of the Union addresses...

January 3: At 3:00 a.m., the Chinese coalition began airdropping hundreds of thousands of trained

troops into areas around the un-taken U.S. cities surrounding the Farm Belt, with low populations, and high crop outputs. Meanwhile what was left of the U.S. government was concentrating its forces on the 25 major industrial cities that produced no food... The ones under siege by the blacks, and at which most, if not all, of the available U.S. military was positioned.

As the eyes of the world watched in disbelief, the converted Chinese cargo ships that were offshore maneuvered themselves into position to fire 25 missiles, each with a nuclear payload. All but one hit their mark. The miss was Boston, where the missile overshot and landed just offshore of Nova Scotia. The U.S.A. was effectively neutralized.

So much for the cities and the armies surrounding them. Other missiles took out Langley, the Pentagon, and NORAD, which remained buried, but radioactive. America was then in effect a Chinese territory, and all that was left intact were the farmlands and the forests. Which is what the Chinese had wanted all along anyway. The blacks had served a very useful purpose, by distracting the white man long enough for the yellow man to conquer. With control of the world's food supply, the country of Chinamerica would gain ownership of the world, one starving nation at a time. Kung Pao's leaders had the very impressive goal of seeing to it that the entire planet would be inhabited by either Chinese, or Chinese mixed-race persons within fifty years. To assure this, they planned to exterminate anyone with a DNA of less than fifty percent Chinese.

The sleeping yellow giant had at last awakened... 

Calendar of Events

July 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
June 27 Fourth Sunday Lunch	28	29	30 Bangor Dinner	July 1	2 Temperance League	3
4 <i>Independence Day</i>	5	6	7 Mensa Test in Eliot	8	9 Appetite for Discussion West!	10 Central Maine Meet and Munch
11 Second Sunday Brunch Bunch (South) Portland Dinner	12 Granite Gathering 2005 Kick-Off Planning Meeting	13	14 Film: <i>My Architect</i>	15 Mensa Test in Portsmouth	16 Return of the Son of the Canned Film Festival	17 Mensa Test in Weare Summer Party a la Deb and Marty FSM/ ExComm
18	19	20	21 Film: <i>The Revolution Will Not Be Televised</i>	22	23 Appetite for Discussion	24
25 Fourth Sunday Lunch	26	27	28 Bangor Dinner	29	30	31 Mensa Test in Keene Eat Drink/ Think Laugh Our Place Too

Calendar listings must be in the hands of the Calendar Editor before the first of the month prior to the cover date. It is NH/ME Mensa policy to avoid conflicts as much as possible, but no conflicts are allowed to group-sponsored events. Mensans, members of their household, and invited guests are always welcome at NH/ME Mensa events. Many thanks to our event hosts, without whom this calendar would be quite barren. E-mail your events to Calendar@nh.us.mensa.org.